

ALL YEARS  
WILL BE  
REMEMBERED



## IT: Chapter II by ProjectRekal

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**Summary:** 'Swear, swear, if IT isn't dead, if IT ever comes back, we'll come back too.' 27 years later they will reunite and return to Derry. For IT has arisen but not to feed, to finish what it started in the summer of '89. My version of the events that transpire 27 years after the Loser's Club first encounter with IT. Will have gore, foul language & terror aspects.

## IT: Chapter II

JUNE 2016

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"For those who 'forgot' their assignments, can we please try and remember in future? It's *your* grades that will be effected," He extended a hand and grasped at another stack of pages being handed to him before looking at the students steadily filing from the classroom, "To those that did do the work-enjoy your summer." As the last of the students filed from the room he paused and cast his eyes to the lacklustre stack of assignments that had been handed to him. He knew it was summer but couldn't they all just cooperate? He didn't give them homework to be a monster it was necessary to get them a career after they left school. A gentle southern breeze drifted into the now empty classroom it smelt of freshly cut grass, sunshine and hazy heat. It brought him back to the good old days of the summer when they would ride their bikes down to the quarry...just him and the rest of the Loser's Club... The Loser's Club. Reaching up he plucked the glasses from off his nose and set them atop the bundle of assignments. Running a tired hand over his eyes he scratched the dark stubble on his jaw before pushing himself out of the chair sat behind the desk, propping his hands into the pockets of his slacks he moved around his desk and toward the open windows of the classroom standing in front of them and looking out to the school front watching the children filing into their groups. He noted a group of kids near a garbage can dumping the contents of their bags into it. Well that certainly brought back the memories. Not for him personally...but he remembered then talking about it. How liberating it must have felt to throw all your ties and worries away and simply run out into the fields and enjoy the holidays. He supposed like the kids themselves he should probably get moving and go enjoy the beginning of summer. There was a knock on the classroom door.

"Mr. Hanlon?" A voice asked a moment later. Mike spun and looked around to see the small form of Rachel Smithson stood in the doorway. She was a slim thing with tousled brunette hair. A girl who tried to follow the fashion and trends of the 'popular' kids but seemed to always come up short.

"What is it Rachel?" Mike asked moving back toward the desk and beginning to gather his belongings, pack the few assignments he did receive into his briefcase.

"It's about the assignment-I left it in my locker."

"Ah-of course."

Rachel entered the class and extended her hand now with the assignment. Mike retrieved the project and cast a look down to its title.

"The Clown?" Mike frowned. "I thought you were supposed to write about something you wanted to do over the summer?"

"I did sir. I want to go to the circus."

"Ah."

"Sir, can I ask you something?"

"Of course."

"Mr. Hanlon...is it normal to...see things?"

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind. It's stupid. Enjoy your summer!" With that Rachel ran from the room a bright smile on her face. She was always a bubbly girl, happy to help and always with her hand raised wanting to answer questions asked...but there had been something else in her eyes then. She seemed disturbed. Very disturbed. Mike hesitated before looking down to the papers clutched in his hands. The Clown. The words jumped out at him. Spinning he turned and stepped toward his desk, sitting into the chair, returning the glasses to his nose. He glanced over the typed words. 'The Clown by Rachel Smithson'.

*One thing I want to do this summer is go to the circus. I know. Silly thing for a 12 year old to want to do but ever since I saw the Dancing Clown I've always wanted to see him in person. His outfit is like something from years ago! All frilly and puffy and pretty.*

Mike paused. What? Dancing Clown. Why was that so familiar? Mike searched his memories...

*His said his name is Pennywise. We've actually already met. He seems really nice...*

Everything rushed back to Mike slamming into him like a horrible nightmare. His stomach churned at the appearance of the name. He had tried to forget it, he knew the others would have they all moved away from Derry. One after the other then all left. Aside from Mike. He'd stayed. For a time he became the town librarian that had been all well and good but he wanted to give back to the town. It had received a lot of bad press since the summer of '89...that and a load of bad memories. Ever since then Mike had tried to make the town focus on history other than that of all the deaths. All the missing children had been put down to Henry Bowers when he had finally washed out of the sewers. He had been like a raving lunatic, carted away screaming. Then everyone had forgotten about it all thinking all the murders were down to human hands it was just put down to another serial killer case. It wasn't Bowers at all. The Dancing Clown, Pennywise. Everything had been his doing. If Rachel had seen...IT then the town was in danger. Mike slowly set the paper down before casting his eyes one of his drawers, drawing it open slowly with a hand and reaching for his cell phone. He paused. Noting the small scar on the palm of his hand from when they had all sworn to reunite and finish off IT should he ever return. Was it really 27 years ago...? Mike studied the small jagged scar in his flesh for a long moment before finally snatching up the phone and keying a name into the screen. Bill Denbrough. He hadn't spoken to any of them in years. What would Bill think of him calling? Would he believe any of it? Would the number even still work? Mike hesitated now...could he really call them even though nothing had happened? His mind was running away with him, maybe it was just coincidence. Perhaps it was the thought of facing IT again that his mind tried to persuade him that it couldn't possibly be true. Mike set the phone down, gathered the last of the assignments and slid them all into his briefcase before rising from his seat and striding from the classroom to enjoy the summer.